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LONGFELLOW

A MEMORY.

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THE BANKRUPTCY ACT 1863.
IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LANCASHIRE.
HOLDEN AT LIVERPOOL.
IN the Matter of HENRY MORISON, of
No. 25, Queen-street, Liverpool, and 15, Green-street,
Kirkdale, Liverpool, and 17 Bank Green, near Liverpool,
all in the County of Lancashire, Faint Manufacturer and
Stock and Raw-Furrier, a Bankrupt. The Court has ad-
judged and appointed the Public Examination of the Bankrupt (which
was adjourned sine die on the sixteenth day of June, 1862)
to take place at the Court House, Government-building,
Victoria-street, Liverpool, on the Twelfth day of May,
1862, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon.—Dated this
fourteenth day of April, 1862.
THE BELLINGHAM, Registrar.
F. GILLIES, Official Receiver, Trustee,
35, Victoria-building, Liverpool. 14632

[illegible]

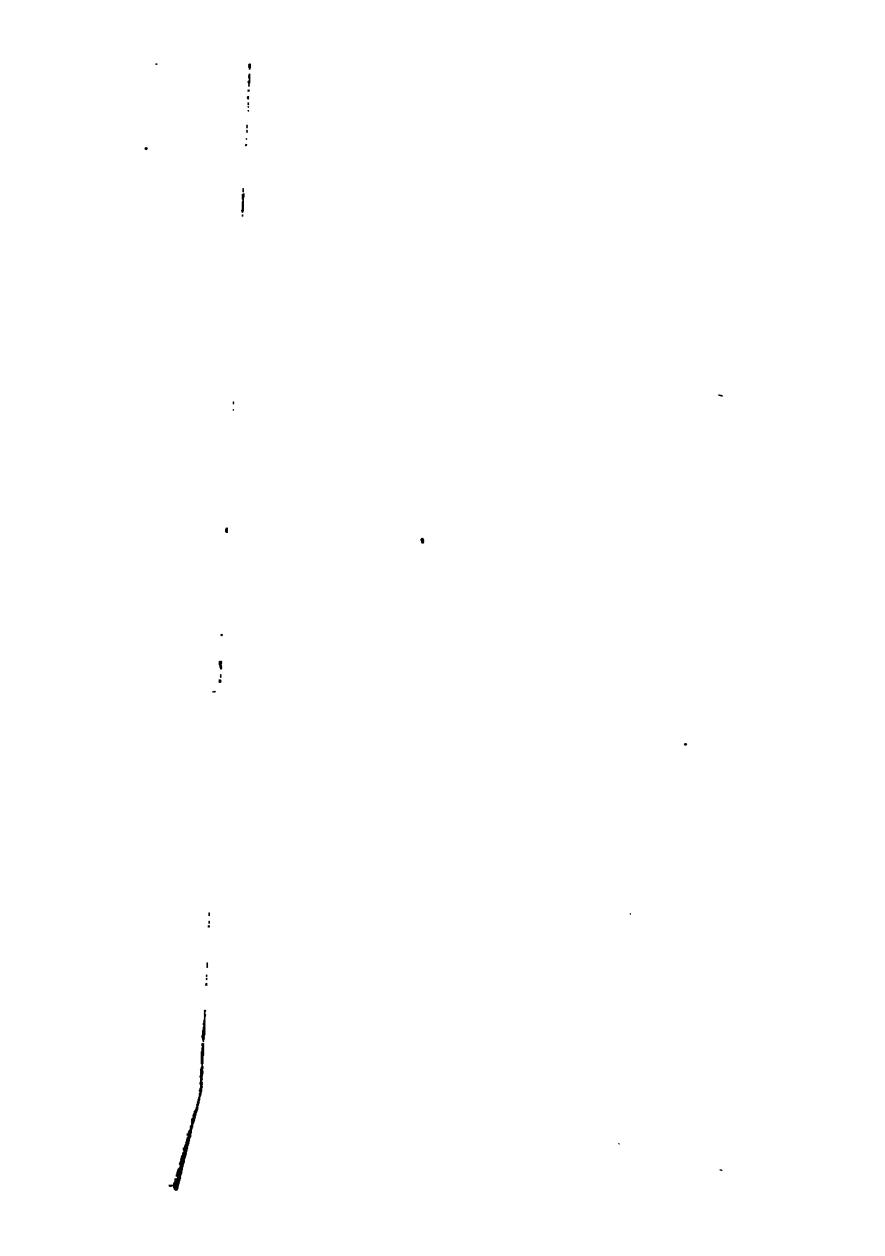
ANSTON, HENRY, 1814-1884

down, and he was granted leave to go and reside
 with his friends in the midst of whom he breathed

Rare

16/.

1.2.5. inserted!



Say to-day's post, I

could ~~you~~ ^{write this} very ^{well}

Henry W. Longfellow.

Rev^d S. Murphy

St. Anthony's

Liverpool.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A Memory

BY

REV. P. MURPHY

ST. ANTHONY'S, LIVERPOOL

ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LONDON.

EDWARD HOWELL, LIVERPOOL.

1882.

27 332



TO

EDWARD R. RUSSELL, Esq

WHOSE SYMPATHIES ARE SO DEEP

WITH ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN LITERATURE

AND SUBLIME IN ART ;

The following Pages,

THE OFFSPRING OF AN UNBURTHENED HOUR,

ARE GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

100

101

102

103

104

105



PREFACE.

I never intended to issue this little Sketch in its present form. I have, however, been encouraged to do so from a letter which I received from the eminent literary gentleman to whom I have dedicated it, and who so kindly read and revised the original manuscript. "It is indeed charming," he wrote to me, "and will give great pleasure to all people of literary taste."

With that approval, and that it may waken a sweet memory of the dead poet, I cast it as a simple green leaf on the boisterous ocean of life, with the hope, perhaps, that it may not too soon be overwhelmed and lost.

May, 1882.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

A Memory.

SINCE the death of Charles Dickens on that bright day in June, 1870, there has not been such universal regret over an author's grave, as that lately manifested by the news flashed to us from the other side of the Atlantic ocean, that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had ceased to live. He had been enshrined in the heart of the reading world : the sweetness of his songs had won him troops of friends : he had secured the deep and abiding affection of thousands who had never seen his face, except through the medium of the photographer's or the engraver's art ; or had never heard the tones of his voice save from the unsullied pages of his charming poetry. His was a face so full of sunshine that it does not easily pass from the memory : and the melody of his voice, like the sound of a Summer evening's Angelus, will waken through the coming years sweet memories in many a worn and wearied heart.

How universally beloved have been those two men—Dickens and Longfellow. Between

them and their unnumbered readers there has been a common bond of pure and genuine sympathy. And why? One has been the novelist, and the other the poet, of the human heart. In our generation no two other authors have been so extensively read; read by the young and old, by the rich and poor. In the homes of the wealthy, and in the cottages of the humble, when perhaps all other writers are excluded, a volume of Dickens, or the poems of Longfellow will be preserved, to add fresh charms to the unalloyed blessedness of the domestic hearth.

Does the fascination of the two dead literary chieftains consist in this—that they touched those chords of sympathetic love, whose music is always the purest and the sweetest: that they wrote with truthfulness and correctness of all that is humanly good and beautiful in the world: that they sought to teach mankind a lofty and a noble lesson, for they aimed at leaving life brighter and better than they found it. And if such be the case, will not the creations of such chastened genius survive the wreck of the wasting ages? Will not their works live after them, now that they have passed into the silent valley, and exercise for many years a wholesome influence upon the hearts and affections of the human race?

I must say that both authors have always

had a great charm for me. I think I have read every line that Dickens wrote, and I hope have been the better for his deep and touching lessons. His books have their own favorite, hallowed nook in my library. They are the friends I love best, and I spend many an untroubled evening with them. I had only the pleasure of once speaking to him; but I can recall the familiar figure on the platform, and the thrilling voice reading and interpreting the fond fancies of his prolific brain. I felt his death as a personal loss, and I have often since stole in, when the twilight was deepening through the aisles of Westminster Abbey, to lay a few flowers upon his unforgotten grave.

Of Longfellow, I may say that his poems have grown up, as it were, with my years. I have committed them to memory, and recited them at our village school. Later on, Evangeline—like David Copperfield—was my constant companion during our Summer vacations at the seaside. The friends of those never returning years, when writing to me now and again from distant scenes, often say: “Do you remember those Summer evenings when you read Evangeline for us on the sea shore?” I never tired of those sweet rills that flowed from the limpid fountain of his genius.

He might have been describing his own books in the poem “The day is done”—

"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

Nor from the grand old masters,
Nor from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of Summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Such songs have powers to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Alas! that the wizard hand of the poet is motionless, and already turning into dust; and that the loom of his brain, wherein so much that is bright and beautiful, was woven, is now silent and at rest for ever.

It has been said of him, during his life, and since his death, that he was not a "great poet." But in what does the greatness of poetry consist: or what are the elements of it? Surely two of its elements are genius and success. And that Longfellow had genius,—and of a very high and refined order,—cannot be questioned. He may not have had the bewildering genius of Tennyson: nor the power

like Shakspeare to sway the human soul; to kindle all its slumbering emotions, or hush into rest its fierce, wild tempests. But that he could accommodate himself to every mind : that he could speak to every human heart : that it required no painful thought, or wistful lingering of the mind, to divine the idea which fashioned itself before his own fancy ; this, I believe, is evident. And who shall gainsay his success? Think of the thousands of worshippers, all the world over : think of the vast sale of his books : think that he never wrote a line, which, during his life, might cause him a solitary moment's regret ; or which, in dying, he would desire to be blotted away and forgotten. All true greatness, all lasting success, can only be the outcome of pure, moral goodness.

In his story of "Kavanagh," he himself has thus described great poets :—"All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil ; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands."

The late Cardinal Wiseman, commenting in a public lecture some years ago on the fact that England had no poet who was to the labouring and working classes of this country

what Goethe is to the German peasant, thus alluded to Longfellow:—"There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold upon our hearts, that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honour of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathetic heart the wanderings of 'Evangeline,' I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

Such is the well-balanced judgment of man who had a keen appreciation of all that was great and grand in every school of human thought: who had a reflective, critical mind; who was an extensive reader in every branch of literature: and who was regarded by the lights amongst whom he lived, as a literary Colossus, from the dawn, to the close, of his sublime career.

Another great writer, speaking of the poet's popularity, says of him:—"There is a humanity in his poems which is irresistible in the fit measures to which they are wedded. If some

elegiac poets have strung rosaries of tears, there is a weakness of woe in their verses which repels ; but the quiet, pensive thought, the twilight of the mind in which the little facts of life are saddened in their relation to the eternal laws, time and change,—this is the meditation and mourning of every manly heart, and this is the alluring and permanent charm of Longfellow's poetry."

And a living critic writes of him :—" If he were simply a scholar, he would be but an annalist, or an annotator ; but being a poet of taste and imagination, with an ardent sympathy for all good and refined traits in the world, and for all forms of this objective life of others, his writings being the very emanations of a kind generous nature, he has succeeded in reaching the heart of the public."

" I turn with delight," said John Bright in a speech some years ago delivered at Manchester, " from the Poet Laureate's ' Maud ' to the exquisite poem (Hiawatha) which has come to us from the other side of the Atlantic."

These are deliberate and weighty opinions, and they assign to Longfellow a prominent niche in the consecrated temple which grows and expands with the lapse of centuries.

It is not, however, so much the scope of the present sketch to enter into any controversy on the literary merits of Longfellow's writings, as it is to put on record a memory

which I have of him. It will be the simple narration of a visit which I once paid him in his beautiful house in Cambridge, where he had been for so many years the light of his own domestic circle, and the attraction of those, into the cup of whose lives, he poured so much sweetness and joy.

In the Autumn of 1879 I was travelling in America. I went to the far West, and traversed those scenes so familiar to the readers of *Hiawatha* : went through the land of the Dacotahs, and spent a sunny evening at the Falls of Minnehaha.

“In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.”

In the last days of the American's serene and beautiful “Indian Summer,” I found myself in Boston. It has been rebuilt on the ruins of that ruthless fire of 1872, and its architecture of red brick and white granite is now vaster and grander than before. It is the shrine too of Columbia's great literary celebrities : Emerson has just spun out the evening of his day not far from the hum of its busy life : Holmes, “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” only deserts the city for his summer holidays : the silver tones of America's great orator—Wendell Philips—gather round his

platform all its intelligence, wealth, and beauty: John Boyle O'Reilly, and Robert Dwyer Joyce are treading at no great distance in the footprints of their splendid teachers and leaders. But to the traveller whose pilgrimage is laid among the memorials and achievements of fertile minds, Longfellow and his home were always the great attractions.

Cambridge, where he lived, is about four miles outside the City of Boston. There, Harvard University,—the great rival of Yale,—has grown year by year into the magnificence which it assumes to-day: the spread and development of its great intellectual life keeping pace with the rise and growth of its architecture. Its famous library: noble quadrangle, and grand Memorial Hall, win the enthusiastic admiration of all who love to see learning enthroned in her own great temples. Not far off is the historic tree pointed out proudly to the visitor as "Washington's Elm"—for under its green shadow George Washington took command of the continental army on the 3rd of July, 1775. Within a stone's throw is the "Village Smithy," but no longer sheltered by the chestnut tree, "Whose branches, bare, shaped as a stately chair," found a corner at the poet's fireside within the last few years. In a thick netting of sycamore and elm, among all the lingering beauty of floral life, the "Hérons of Elmwood," are heard over the home of James Russell Lowell.

"Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are
meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting.

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken."

On the right hand side of the road, as one journeys to Watertown: on a slightly elevated green plateau, and somewhat removed from the dust and noise of the highway, is a beautiful residence—familiar to so many thousands. Here lived the man whose "one touch of nature made the whole world akin." It had a history of its own before it came into Longfellow's possession. It was built in the latter half of the last century by Col. John Vassol. After the revolutionary war it was occupied by Thomas Tracy, from whom it passed into the hands of Andrew Cragie, and has been known ever since as "Cragie House." Here, in the early years of his University life—when he was a student, and afterwards professor at Harvard—Longfellow had lodgings; and as Dickens came curiously enough into the possession of Gadshill, so, ultimately, Longfellow, came to be the owner of "Cragie House." But perhaps the most interesting recollec-

tion entwined round its earlier history is this—that “Cragie House” was the headquarters of General Washington at the commencement of the Revolution. Longfellow, himself, touchingly alludes to this reminiscence in his poem “To a Child”—

“Once, ah! once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his country dwelt.
And yonder meadows, broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread.
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.”

Autumn, everybody had told me, was the best time to see the poet's home in all the beauty with which he himself loved to see it clothed. Dark patches of summer green lingered here and there among the scentless lilacs and the drooping laburnums. The “fiery finger” of the dying year had touched and changed from green to yellow the broad-leaved sycamores and the stately elms, but the red running woodbine and the clustering ivy wove the freshness of Spring among the lifeless, fast-fading leaves. Through the luxuriant meadows, in the form of an S, rolled that bright river of which he has sung so sweetly:—

“ River that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea.
Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.”

“ Is Mr. Longfellow at home ?” My voice
trembled as it uttered the words, fearing he
might be absent.

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Please hand him this letter.”

As I stood in the hall my eyes rested on
the veritable “ clock on the stairs,” and it
seemed to be ticking the same solemn tune
that years ago fell on the poet’s ear :—

“ Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old fashioned country-seat ;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all—
‘ For ever—never !
Never—for ever.’

Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
And from its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
‘ For ever—never !
Never—for ever !’

By day its voice is low and light,
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door—
 'For ever—never !
 Never—for ever !'

Through ages of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeable time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
 'For ever—never !
 Never—for ever !'

I was ushered into a room on the left, known as Lady Washington's drawing-room. Here was kept and treasured a beautiful agate cup. Besides its own intrinsic value, it was hallowed in the poet's memory by a two-fold recollection—it was the creation of no less an artist than Benvenuto Cellini,—and it formerly belonged to Rogers.

Presently I heard the sound of a light footstep through the hall : my door opened, and I was filled with deep emotion as I clasped the outstretched hand which had woven so many bright threads into so many human lives. Let me pause for a moment to recall the vanished figure. He was in his 73rd year, and was of medium height : his counten-

ance was radiant with the sweetest and sunniest smiles : there was a profusion of white hair—truly the silver crown of his long and honoured years—which gave him quite a patriarchal appearance ; there were lines on his broad thoughtful brow, but they were not deep furrows, only gentle wrinkles left by the throbbing tide of thought subsiding within. Beneath that brow were a pair of bright blue eyes, through which shone out the wealth of joyous sunshine which filled his heart. When I add to all these the charm of a soft, melodious voice, I think I have fairly drawn his picture. “ Oh ! how wonderful is the human voice ! ” he writes in *Hyperion*. “ It is indeed the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye ; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only.”

What he had written in the “ *Golden Legend* ” might well have been applied to himself :—

“ Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.”

My first impression of him when I saw him, only confirmed the views which I had of him all through my life—that from so gentle a heart there could only flow deep and tender

sympathies—that from so refined and cultured a mind there could only be gathered the chastest and the brightest pearls of human thought.

As I went with him to his study—his own favourite room—where he spent the greater part of his time “never for a moment idle, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,” I thought of his own words:—

“All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.”

How shall I describe that room, arranged with such delicate care and precision by his own reverend hand. There were born the most of his beautiful thoughts: there the fanciful creations of his brain were shaped into those poems which came across the sea to take their places, like familiar friends, at our fireside: there also, from time to time, were gathered select groups of literary friends, whose faces still light up many a circle; or who, perhaps, like himself, have hidden the lustre of their eyes in the grave.

“In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality.”

As it was his delight to receive, so also it was his pleasure to exhibit those tributes of grate-

ful and affectionate remembrance ; and those relics and memorials of departed genius, which came to him from every clime ; from friends he had known and loved ;—and even from hands he had never touched in life. Taking up a small wicker basket that lay on the table in the centre of the room, he said to me :

“You being from Ireland will take a great interest in this. This is Tom Moore’s waste paper basket, sent to me by Mr. S. C. Hall.”

I did take an interest in it. As I held it in my hand I thought, within myself, how many a precious morsel of paper had been carelessly flung into it : what a valued treasure all the wasted fragments would have now become on the shelves of some public library or museum. What beautiful thoughts and ideas—discarded by the poet—would have still remained to us ; perhaps, as “pearls at random strung,” but, nevertheless, worthy of a long life, enhancing and enriching the literature to which they belonged. But very soon after they were born, this basket became their grave, and the same hand that traced out the fanciful creation, laid it quietly to rest for ever.

Besides numerous volumes that lay scattered about the table, there was one in which I was very much interested indeed. It was a

very early copy of Coleridge's poems, containing several annotations which the poet had made with his own hand. In the centre was the poet's inkstand, which Longfellow regarded as one of the greatest treasures he had ever received. Between two windows—in one of which was an orange tree, and an Egyptian stork; and in the other his own reading desk—was a cabinet containing many editions of his poems and writings. There also were all his manuscripts. To whom I wonder have they been bequeathed? Are they still to remain on the shelves where I saw them, standing in a row; the heirloom of his genius, to his children and their descendants: or shall his country, in the dawn of her national greatness receive them and place them in some hallowed niche—a sublime memorial of her first great conquest on the field of literature? I remember, as I looked through them, being struck with the neatness and precision of the writing and the fewness of erasures and interlinings. On the first page of "Evangeline" there was only one erasure, and that was the first word on the first line. It went thus:—

This

~~There~~ is the forest primeval.

"Perhaps," he said, "you would like me to read you something."

I was only too delighted, and at my own

request he read the closing scene in "Evangeline," beginning, "Thus on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent, wend her quiet way she entered the door of the alms-house." When he had finished he read from another volume of manuscript, "The Fire of Driftwood," "The River Charles," and the "Bells of Lynn," which latter I have always regarded as one of the finest pieces of his versification. I shall never forget the sound of that silver voice, full of feeling and emotion in the very reading. He sat too in the chair which was made from the "Spreading chestnut tree" that overhung the village smithy. It was presented to him by the Cambridge children on his 72nd birthday—Feb. 27th, 1879. The design of the chair is very pleasant and in perfect keeping. The color is a dead black, an effect produced by ebonising the wood. The upholstering of the arms and cushion is in green leather, and the casters are glass balls set in sockets. In the back of the chair is a circular piece of exquisite carving representing horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms. Horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in varied combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines of the poem :—

And children coming home from school look in
at the open door,

And catch the burning sparks that fly like chaff
from a threshing floor.

Underneath the cushion is a brass plate on which is the following inscription :—

“To the author of the ‘Village Blacksmith.’ This chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary. February 27, 1879.”

He sent them the following verses, which he gave me, and which are only found in the later editions of his poems :—

“FROM MY ARM CHAIR.”

Am I a king that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason or what right divine
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
 Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
 And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of Autumn, with a shout,
 Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
 Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
 Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearth-stone found a home at last,
 And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
 Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
 Roll back the tide of time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
 The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
 And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
 I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat,
 The iron white with heat.

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
 This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three score years and ten
 Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
 And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
 The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make those branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

Longfellow had always a great love for children, and revelled in their society: The following story, told by Professor Lugi Monti last year, is a fair example of the many that have been, or that might be told. For many years this gentleman has been in the habit of driving with the poet every Saturday.

On Christmas Day, as he was walking briskly towards the old historic house, he was accosted by a girl about twelve years old, who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her it was some distance down the street, but if she would walk along with him he would show her. When they reached the gate, she said: "Do you think I can go in the yard?" "Oh, yes," said Signor Monti. "Do you see that room on the left? That is where Martha Washington held her receptions a hundred years ago. If you look at the window on the right, you will probably see a white haired old gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow."

She looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house, he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back to the window, his

face of course, out of sight. When he went in, the kind-hearted Italian said: "Do look out of the widow and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much." "A little girl wants to see me very much? Where is she?" He hastened to the door, and beckoning with his hand, called out: "Come here, little girl, come here, if you want to see me." She needed no second invitation, and, after, shaking her hand, and asking her name, he kindly took her in the house and showed her the "old clock on the stairs," the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut tree, and presented to him by the Cambridge children, and the beautiful pictures and mementos gathered in many years of foreign residence.

Speaking of what should the longest survive him, I mentioned "Hiawatha," as preserving to the American people the customs and traditions of a race that is fast passing away.

"No," he replied, "Evangeline will live the longest."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because," he said, "Evangeline is full of sympathy, and the world loves sympathy."

What a revealing of all that was benign and beautiful in his soul. On the walls hung crayon portraits of his friends, and among them I noticed Emerson, Sumner, and Hawthorne. Off the study was the library, three-

fourths of the walls being covered with books. Here hung a portrait of Lizt, painted as Long-fellow first saw him.

"I rapped at the door late at night," he said to me as he pointed it out, "and Lizt came down, holding a large lighted taper above his head, to see who I was. I was so struck with his remarkable appearance, that I persuaded him to get painted in that position."

Amongst the treasures which he showed me, there was a relic of Dante's coffin : there was a cane made from a pine in Acadie : there was also the iron pen made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, the handle being made from the mast of the frigate "Constitution." A year or two ago he published a poem called the "Iron Pen," in which he thus touchingly referred to both pen and handle :—

"That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
Some verse of the poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain.

That this wood from the frigate's mast
Might write him a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast."

Of those whom we conversed about I remember that Dickens seemed to have the uppermost place : he had known him inti-

mately : had read all his books : and his public readings had afforded him infinite pleasure. He had a profound regard for Tennyson—"the sweet historian of the human heart"—and he looked upon Denis Florence MacCarthy as one of the greatest Irish poets that ever lived.

Before I left him he gave me a small volume of his poems, with his autograph : a copy of his verses to the Cambridge children : his portrait, with his name written in full across it : and lastly, at my own request, the quill pen which he had used while writing.

On New Year's Day, 1881, I received from him a volume of his "Poems of Places," devoted to Ireland, with a letter, part of which I have produced in lithograph.

As I stood on the threshold of his door, and bade him farewell, my hand literally trembled in his, and I must leave unwritten all the true reverential love that filled my heart as I looked on his beaming face for the last time. I turned back on the dusty road, long after I left him, to peep once more through the yellow trees, upon the shrine of so much purity and goodness.

This is my "Memory of Longfellow": it is the only wreath which I can weave; but worthless, as I know it to be, I lay it down as my tribute of affection on his new made grave.

He said that "Evangeline" would live after him: but is there any reason to doubt that many of his shorter pieces will also live to a ripe old age in the hearts of his numberless readers? Sunk into the perpetual rest of the wayside churchyard, amid the loving regrets of his world-wide friends, his name—like a household word—will be for ever embalmed in their remembrance.

"How sweet a life was his, how sweet a death !
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer ;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of Summer, full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere."

As over all he wrote "are spread the sunbeams of a cheerful spirit, the light of inexhaustible human love," so they will never perish.

"His song was of the Summer-time,
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers were there."

Still will the voices of children—always so dear to himself—be laden with the burthen of his sweet poems: still will the harmony and melody of his muse soothe the weariness of those who are occupied in the stern pursuits of human life, weighed down with all its cares and anxieties. A poor tempest-tossed sailor,

whom I found in an hospital, once told me that "Evangeline," which I gave him to read, had helped to make him better. Perhaps in sick rooms the dead poet's verses will soften pain, and beguile the tediousness of many a long and fatiguing hour. For this alone, blessings and benedictions without end be for ever on his peaceful memory. The traveller who crosses the ocean, and who owes to "the vanished hand" many a ray of sunshine that he let in on his troubled heart, will linger near that house—historic for evermore—which the Angel of Death has so lately darkened, and will seek out, under the green trees of Mount Auburn Cemetery, the grave where the gentle heart of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is already mingling with its mother dust.





